Reagan's Revenge Scheme and the Assassins from Hell

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Reagan's Revenge Scheme and the Assassins from Hell

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Reagan Ridley thought the Shadow Board would choose her to be the head of the shadowy government organization, Cognito, after the departure of J.R. Instead, they chose her toxic, gaslighting father as the CEO. Distraught and unsure of what to do, she is intrigued when she learns that the puppet president has been killed by an assassin. She then works with her team members to frame someone else as the assassin and find out who the real killers are. Once she meets them, she comes with the idea of getting rid of her dad, so she can gain the trust of the Shadow Board, allowing her to become the CEO in his place. Reagan is prepared to do the impossible to get her father out of her life, even if one of her close work confidantes is unsure about her scheme.

Notes

This is set right after the end of Part 1 of Inside Job. I love both series so much that I couldn't resist writing this. In sum, I wrote this for fun and am seriously considering making this a series. Although, I haven't decided whether it will continue to be a Helluva/Inside Job crossover or not, but I'm leaning towards a continued crossover of both. If you are interested in that, please let me know in a comment. If you have any other suggestions on series that you'd like this story to crossover with, or you have any other comments/constructive criticisms, feel free to leave a comment. As always, comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/13/24: This fic was reposted on Squidge World on 12/13/24. The updated version of this fic posted on there was reposted on here.

Update #2 on 1/5/25: The fic has been cross-posted on Quotev.

See the end of the work for more notes

"You motherfucking snake!" Reagan shouted.

She was *angry*. The Shadow Board was supposed to make HER the head of Cognito, not HIM. She had hoped that banning him from Cognito the previous day, after learning he had erased memories of her only friend in school, Orrin, and telling him to live somewhere else would do the trick. She had clearly underestimated him, which she regretted. Even so, she resolved to stay at Cognito. She remained hopeful she could eventually become the CEO one day, although she had no idea when that would happen.

Rand sighed. He still loved Reagan on some level. On the other hand, he would use any means possible to stay in power, even if involved wiping some of his daughter's memories.

"Wait...Reagan...I," he began, before his daughter *cut him off*.

After everything he had done to her, she couldn't trust him. She needed him to be out of her life. She needed to be done with him.

"Fuck you. I want nothing to do with a gaslighting jerk like you."

She huffed and walked out, marching to the War Room. Rand leaned back in his chair. His time as a paranoid conspiracy theorist had come to an end. Now, he could wield power with an *iron fist.*

Cursing under her breath, Reagan walked into the War Room. Gigi, Glenn, Andre, Nyc, and Brett were sitting around the triangle-shaped desk, bored, just like they were every day. She sat down in her chair and slumped onto the table. She couldn't take this anymore. She thought that maybe Bear-O was right about her. Brett, the only person on her team who consistently cared about her, was surprised to see her, since he thought she was the CEO.

"Reagan, is everything ok? I thought you'd be in J.R.'s office."

Reagan shook her head. She felt she owed them the truth, at least in this instance.

"They chose my dad to be the CEO instead of me."

Everyone was shocked. How could this happen?

Nyc made a wise crack, saying "I knew that manipulative father of yours *couldn't be trusted*."

Andre suddenly stopped smoking his pressure vessel full of chemtrails. He wanted to mess with her dad. "Fuck that guy."

Glenn then thundered, "I'll blow up his office with a bomb!"

While she appreciated the support, which she saw as strange. She wasn't aware they appreciated her more after watching the message she had recorded about them in her lab. What they said made her feel a little better, it didn't do a thing to rectify her situation. As Gigi

began to open her mouth, about to make some sassy remark, one of the screens, a newscast, blared with a news alert. All of them stared at it in shock.

"The President has been shot! I repeat President Domp has been shot!" the announcer said frantically. She went onto say.

"Today, when the President Domp was giving a speech on his plan to create a legion of dolphins which could shoot lasers, a bullet from an unknown assailant hit him straight in the forehead. Vice-President Melosi has taken on the duties of the Presidency." The TV crackled. She then added, "we can confirm that President Domp has been pronounced dead on the scene. The shooter is *still at large*."

Reagan cackled. She could use this to her advantage. "I know for sure that it *wasn't anyone* at Cognito who killed Domp. We can't let my dad know *who really killed him*...I say we frame Grassy Noel Atkinson for the assassination."

Her co-workers weren't completely on board with this plan. Would she try and throw him under the bus, yet again? She tried to assuage their concerns.

"We can always bring him back...and he will still be on the payroll...we need a fall guy...for now."

This convinced people enough that she wouldn't attempt to get rid of him and fire him as a "cost-saving" measure. She began giving orders to everyone on her team. They were traveling to where the President had given his speech.

"Gigi, convince people that Atkinson is the shooter using media manipulation. Nyc, we are going to need more of that memory-erasing liquid. Glenn, we will need lots of weapons. Andre, we need some drugs to sedate the security guards if they get in our way. And Brett, prepare the Shadow Copter."

They all saluted her and went about their duties. Again, this seemed odd to her. She shrugged it off. She'd rather have loyal co-workers than ones who questioned her. This would be one of the hardest missions she, and team, had ever done. And everything depended on it. She hoped to prove herself to her dad and the Shadow Council, in hopes they would see her value.

She went to find Grassy Knoll Atkinson. She *had* to convince him to take the fall for the shooting. She nervously entered his office, if it could be called that. This could either go very well or very badly.

"Hey, Atkinson, I have a big favor to ask of you."

He looked up, still polishing the barrel of his antique rifle. He remembered her as the person who tried to can her, so he was a little skeptical. "Reagan, what it is this time?"

She grumbled. She knew it would be a challenge to get him to do this for her. She would rather he agree than have Cognito to drag him of the building out kicking and screaming in protest.

"Well...I'd like you to take the fall for the recent shooting of President Domp. Could you do that for me?"

He chuckled. He thought she'd say he would be fired. He was getting old anyway, he wouldn't mind getting out of the business and retiring somewhere.

"This is about getting back at your dad, right?"

She nodded. She couldn't lie to him about that. He expected as much.

He whispered to her, "I don't like the guy either, I don't trust him. *I'll do it*."

She smiled. She was glad that he was on board.

"To not blow your cover, and so you can stay here at Cognito, you'll need a pseudonym...what name would you like?"

He scratched his chin. He hadn't thought about it much. One name came to him. "How about *Darryl Street*?"

That seemed innocent enough to her. She shook his hand. "That sounds good...Mr. Darryl Street."

He snickered. Everything was going as planned. Her dad had *no clue* this plan was unfolding and had been kept completely in the dark.

A few hours passed. Everything was ready for their mission. Reagan, Brett, Glenn, and Andre jumped aboard the Shadow Copter, while Gigi stayed behind to coordinate the media manipulation. They needed to figure out who killed the President and why. Where Domp had been killed had been secured by Secret Service. Even so, would be *no problem* bypassing them. Brett used his White male privilege to fool the guards into moving out of the way, just as he had done with the robot president Reagan had made. Reagan used a stun gun on each one. In no time at all, they made it to the event room, where they found everyone in the room was dead, lying on the floor and bleeding, including the President. This seemed odd. Who could have committed such carnage?

Reagan then overheard some heated voices between people who seemed to be arguing.

One voice said "why did you kill him? Our client told us to scare him, *not shoot him in the head*!" Another snarled and shouted, "he was a bad man. He sexually assaulted all those women. That type of behavior is unacceptable."

As they all were arguing with one another, Reagan, Brett, and Andre snuck up on them, slipping behind the red curtain while Glenn secured the room to make sure there wasn't anyone else lurking. She pointed her gun at the head of a crimson skinned demon with white blotches on the right side of his face, and black-and-white striped horns.

She hollered angrily, "*Who the fuck* are all of you and why are you here? Answer me!"

The demons were in a bind. They weren't prepared for this and after two of them had been captured by the D.H.O.R.K.S. organization, a group of humans which tracked paranormal activity, they feared the same thing would happen again. Although he had a gun pointed at his head, this didn't shock Blitzo.

"What are you gonna do, lady? You gonna blow my head off? I'm friends with a demon prince who will *fuck you up*!"

Reagan laughed heartily. Someone thought they could challenge her, of all people? Who were these punks?

"I don't know who the heck you are and your...crew, but my dad runs an organization which can *disappear ALL of you*. Would you like humans to experiment on you? Because *we WILL*."

Blitzo gulped. Usually Moxxie, Millie, or even Loona, would help. However, they tried to play it safe, hoping their boss wouldn't get hurt. Their guns were raised, as well, at Reagan. Brett had his gun aimed at Moxxie and Andre had drugs ready to use if needed. Blitzo rolled his eyes.

"What do you need from us, *human scum*?" he asked.

She chuckled yet again. She might be able to use them to achieve her ends. Seeing them gave her a wild idea.

"Were *you* the ones that killed President Domp?" she asked inquisitively. Blitzo was unsure how to answer.

Before he could say anything, Moxxie triumphantly declared, "I did it. That guy was a *fucking misogynist pig*. He had to go."

Blitzo face palmed himself and shook his head. He knew Moxxie would spill the beans. Millie was more supportive.

She held Moxxie's arm and said, "And I'd support him any day!"

Loona, annoyed with everything, hoped to get out of there. She didn't like being on the surface for long, especially when Vortex wasn't there. She'd rather be in Hell.

"Can we just let this lady and her friends leave and go on our merry way? *I wanna go home*."

Blitzo sighed. He had to know what this woman's deal was and why she paid attention to them.

"Fine. What do you need from us?"

She laughed evilly and maniacally, *so much* that it even frightened the demons from Hell. They were the people she was looking for.

"I need you to...kill my dad."

Blitzo, not Moxxie, Millie, or Loona had ever expected that. Could they even take a request *from a human*? They had only taken missions from demons and other beings in Hell to finish their "unfinished business." Could they really trust her? They didn't really have much choice. Blitzo had to decide on behalf of his company.

"We'll do it. We are the Immediate Murder Professionals after all."

She grinned. She appreciated their agreement. While meeting them had been unexpected, it could work out in her favor.

"Great. Thank for your cooperation. I'll be in Greenway Park in a few hours and will bring my dad along. You are the professionals...figure out how to kill him in whatever way you feel fit."

They nodded and went off on their way.

While Andre was too high to object and Glenn liked killing things, Brett wasn't so sure about this plan. He pulled her aside.

"Uh, Reagan, are you sure about this? Do you *really* think your dad should be murdered?"

She didn't know what to tell him. She couldn't trust her dad anymore and she needed him gone. She needed this toxicity out of her life.

"I am. He was and is a psychopathic jerk to me. I don't need see him again, ever. *He* is what stands in my way from becoming CEO."

Brett grumbled. He knew she was right. He secretly hoped she would change her mind, although there wasn't much hope of that happening at this point. So, he begrudgingly accepted her premise.

"Ok, if this goes sour, remember that I told you so."

Little did Brett know, but Reagan had a trick up her sleeve, when it came to her dad's death, in case he tried to do anything sneaky.

Later that day, Reagan and the team returned to Cognito. She went into her dad's office, while her other team members returned to the War Room. They were supposed to start working again. Instead, they messed around, doing their own things. Glenn would test out new weapons, Andre would smoke drugs, and Brett would sit at the table with Nyc, who made snarky comments toward him. Opening the door to her dad's office, the lights had been turned off. She entered tentatively and nervously.

"Dad, can we go to Greenway Park? I'd like to talk about some...things!"

There was a long awkward pause. A voice replied. "Certainly, Reagan, that sounds smashing!"

This made her wary of him. *Why* would her dad talk to her like that?

Then, the voice added "I'm kidding, Reagan, let's go." She seemed a bit more convinced now. She told him to wait a second so she could go into the War Room. She told everyone on her team that she had suspicions about her dad. She instructed them to get to the cloning room to make sure her dad wasn't there. Glenn and Brett agreed to go, while Reagan brought her dad out of the building.

After a short drive, they arrived at Greenway Park. After both stepped out of the car, her dad exclaimed, "what nice summer breeze. I love this time of year!" Reagan wasn't sure what to make of his behavior. Why would he comment on the weather? Those things never seemed to matter to him. That didn't deter her. She had to get this over with. She sat at a bench; the same one she had sat on with Bryan Jacobsen earlier that year. She tried to strike up a conversation to act like she was being genuine.

"Hey dad, I'd like to apologize for calling you some mean words earlier today. I didn't mean them."

Her dad smiled. He patted her on the shoulder and remarked, "It's okay Reagan, I accept your apology."

At that very moment, the Moxxie focused his sniper scope on Reagan's dad, specifically on his head. Having him in his sights, he pulled the trigger. The bullet moved at an incredible speed and when it hit the skull of Reagan's dad, the head exploded like a grenade. Brain matter, skin, and blood went everywhere. In an instant, blood covered the bench, part of Reagan's head, and some of her clothes. She was in shock. She couldn't believe this happened or that she had gone this far. Had she made a mistake? She mulled it over to herself. Was she still a good person? She wasn't sure anymore.

On the roof, Blitzo gave Moxxie a high-five. "Good job, Mox. Now, let's go home."

Both could agree on that. He, Blitzo, Loona, and Millie stepped into the portal to Hell. Whether they would return or not *would depend* on if she ever gave them any missions in the future.

Quickly getting over her shock, she saw letters imprinted on the neck. It said two words: "CLONE #435617." She slammed her hand angrily on the bench. She couldn't believe her dad would do this to her. She opened up her phone and said "I need a cleanup team. Destroy Greenway Park." As she walked away, with her blood-stained clothes, the headless clone laid on the bench, its blood continuing to pour across the bench.

She walked to her car and opened the driver's side door. She knew where her dad was: *at Cognito*. He was probably laughing himself silly. She KNEW she would do this. It was like him to mess with her this way. As she drove away, a black plane flew overhead and dropped a bomb, incinerating Greenway Park. A ground team entered, taking the remains of the clone away. The team on the ground used a device which wiped memories of the park from everyone in the city, except those in Cognito. Another plane came in and dropped another park, just like the old one, in its place, naming it "Greenglen Park."

No one, apart from Reagan and those at Cognito, would ever know that the park had changed. Probably the demons from Hell could even tell if they returned to the park.

Reagan walked into Cognito, still furious. As she began walking to the War Room, Brett came running toward her. He saw her blood-stained clothes and told her, "Uh, your dad, he's...still alive." She stamped her foot. She knew that "dad" she brought to the park had been suspicious. She groaned. "Where is he?" she asked, exasperated. Brett answered her matter-of-factly. "He's in the cloning chamber, the same place that you did those memory experiments, where we tried to figure out about that code for Bear-O." She understood. She followed him into the room.

The room had somehow been fixed up since the fight the other day between Bear-O and the evil robot president, like nothing had happened. Glenn was in there too.

"I wanted to leave him alive until you arrived, so you could decide what to do with him," he told her.

That had been a good instinct on his part. He hadn't counted on Reagan being so tenacious. He was submerged in the glass tube, which had also been repaired, and connected to a machine. She told Glenn to guard the room, while she told Brett to pull her out of the tank in two minutes. She knew what she had to do. She had to make him experience what he had done to her. She saw that as fitting revenge for everything he had done to her. Some would call her cruel or say it was going too far. She believed that what she was about to do was clearly the right course of action. With Brett’s help, she was able to enter the tube, alongside her dad.

She entered her dad's mind. She saw him trying to repair memories and fix the damage he had caused inside his mind.

"Reagan, what are you doing here?"

She shook her head. She didn't tell him the true reason she was there. So, she made up a response on the spot.

"I saw you in this tank and I thought I'd join you."

He wasn't convinced. He *knew* she was hiding something. He moved a few steps backward.

"Spit it out. Why are you REALLY here?"

Reagan chuckled. Even though she was in his mind, she could imagine anything. She thought long and hard and she imagined a Brain-Eraser-Bomb or BEB for short. She held it in her hands. She armed it and the countdown began.

"I'm sorry dad. You have been so terrible to me. I need to have closure."

Her dad looked worryingly at the bomb, halfway through its countdown. He knew exactly what she was trying to do: *damage his memory beyond repair*.

He pleaded with her to reconsider. "Reagan, why? I always loved you, you know that."

She looked at him, angrily. She couldn't stand his gaslighting, his manipulation, and him as a person. She had grown tired of him.

"You are a manipulative asshole, dad. I can't put it up for any longer. And I have to let you go. It's time to move on."

She then waved, as she disappeared from his brain. She then said "bye!" She got out of the tank, helped by Brett. Her dad, still inside his mind, desperately tried to disarm the bomb. It was too late. The explosion obliterated his memories, and his mind, making it a blank slate, with no memories whatsoever.

Brett looked worryingly at the readout. "There's no brain activity from your dad. He is...brain-dead."

Reagan acted like she was concerned and worked to pull her dad out of the tube, with Brett helping her. Her dad looked around, confused of where he was. He tried to ask questions, but Reagan shushed him. She told Brett and Glenn to return to the War Room. They agreed, although they were unsure what Reagan intended on doing with her dad. Glenn whispered to Brett, telling him to let Reagan deal with her own problems. He accepted that rationale for now, and both began walking away.

Reagan walked her dad through the Cognito building and out the front door. Once outside, she whipped out her phone and said, "I need an extraction team."

Two men came out of nowhere and grabbed up her dad, taking him away to who knows where. She walked back inside, triumphantly. She had gotten what she had desired. *Her dad was finally gone.*

She walked into her dad's office to finally get the promotion she felt she deserved. As soon as she entered, a hologram of the Shadows appeared, frightening her a bit. She hadn't expected them to be there so soon. "It is a pleasure to see you, esteemed Shadow Board." One of the shadows began to speak. "Reagan Ridley. We are contacting you today to convey an important message. We wish to inform you of your new position: CEO of Cognito. After what we saw today, we know *you have what it takes* to be the head of this organization." She bowed. She knew they would come around, one day. Nothing stood in her way.

Reagan made her case for becoming CEO. "Thank you, Shadow Council. I will serve you dutifully. My dad was unhinged and out of control. He was a liability to this company. I had to do *what was necessary* to make sure we were not exposed to prying eyes. I can lead Cognito without fail." Another member of the Shadow Board stepped forward. What he said was meant to try to reassure her in any way possible. The Board had to make sure she was ready to be CEO.

"We apologize for saying you were not ready for the position earlier today. And while we have not filled the Shadow Board's vacancy, it is paramount to make sure someone competent is leading Cognito and you are one of those people, clearly. Best of luck, Reagan Ridley. The Shadow Board *will always be watching*."

The hologram disappeared. She felt relieved. The day had not gone how she had planned. Even so, her goal of becoming CEO had been achieved.

She took off her blood-stained coat and threw it in the garbage can. She reached in the room's closet and grabbed one of the grey suits, putting it on instead. This made it a power suit of sorts. She pressed a button. She began speaking in a message which broadcast holographically across Cognito, whether into the offices of the War Room or any of the organization's many departments:

> "As of now, I, Reagan Ridley, am the new CEO of Cognito. This will be a new chapter in the history of this organization. We will be a place that cares about our workers. You will get generous bonuses and benefits, I can guarantee that, with more money for media manipulation, warmaking, and to expand our ranks. I will remain open to your suggestions. Thank you."

In the War Room, Brett, Glenn, Gigi, Andre, and Nyc cheered. They were glad for Reagan, even though Brett had questions about what she had done with her father. He put those aside. He saw her as a person with a good heart, even though she now headed a shadow government organization. He believed in his heart that she wouldn't do anything unethical. Whether his belief remained true or not, based on what had transpired that day, would remain to be seen.

Meanwhile, Stolas, sitting in his lush mansion, heard his phone ringing. He answered it, unsure of who it would be, since had nothing as fancy as Caller ID, or any of that jazz. "*Stolas Residence*. Who might this be?"

A voice on the other end paused. The Shadows had been watching him, observing how ruthless he could be. And considering his role and position in Hell's society, as a demon of Aras Goetia and a Prince, they were optimistic about his candidacy. "Mr. Stolas, I am a representative of the Shadow Board. We would like to offer you a seat on the council."

He raised an eyebrow. He had no idea who this council was. Why had he been chosen? He tried to play it cool.

"Sounds great. Please send me the appropriate information."

The voice stopped. He could hear the person he talked to snickering. It worried him a little. The voice continued, adding, "You will hear from the Shadows soon, Mr. Stolas. *We are always watching*," before the line disconnected.

Stolas was unsure what to make of the whole interaction. He hoped it was positive. Maybe it could help him to rise higher in the Hell hierarchy. He remained optimistic, believing this Shadow Board would help him achieve his goals.

As for Reagan, she was unaware of the innumerable challenges which lay ahead for her as Cognito CEO, involving those from Earth and those from other planets.

End Notes

I used some information from pages on the Hazbin Hotel fandom site, along with the Wikipedia pages for Inside Job and Helluva Boss series. This is the third fan fic for this series, from what I am aware, with another one being a gay fan fic with Reagan and Brett, which is cool, and one an explicit rape fic (why?). I would have rated this story "mature," but I know from experience that AO3 would age-restrict this story. As a result, I rated it a Teen and Up instead. Whether you think Reagan went too far in this story or not, I could definitely see Reagan as striking back at her dad, although I'm not sure she would choose this method.

Works inspired by this one

Mateo's Return to Avalor, Naomi's Lingering Fears, Bloodthirsty Demons, and Elena's Dangerous Mission to Hell by lefemmerouge2

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